# The Time

## ~Lom Bachall Bard~ (mailto:je&#10

And when the time comes, and it will, and it has, and it did,
When we turn friends, relatives, enemies,
Into more, less, or something worse.

We miss those that will leave, haven't left yet, we will leave behind,
And find sorrow, joy, or no emotion at all.

Depending on the person, and what that person is searching for,
Trying to hide from, or wondering what is missing,
They cannot possibly find peace, answer their inner question, or ever know
What they are searching for.

By trying to help, refusing to help, or refusing to see help is needed,
We are just being human, being inhumane, or just being.

And by looking back, watching it happen, or knowing it will,
Did we learn anything, are we learning, will we ever learn?

If life is a journey, and the trail is made easier, more difficult, or remains unaffected by the companions we choose to share it with, choose to leave out, or choose to only tell about the travel long afterward,
Why then do we choose? Are we allowed to choose? Are we fooling ourselves by thinking we even have a choice?

Our choices, our journeys, our friends, all may have been chosen for us, by us long ago. Our family, our friends, the easy to befriend, and the difficult to keep; and our children, who will all hopefully be there to stand over our empty shell as we begin our next journey, to no one knows where, may have been with us many years ago, in other ways, in other ways...

The worst injustice of all in this travel from trail to trail, is the inability of the soul to carry the strongest moments, the strongest alliances from one journey to the next. They will be forgotten soon enough.

The glow in a sister/brother's eyes, as you sneak out and see the tree lit, and decked for Christmas morning. The wonderful smell of dead, rotting leaves, shared by all as the stream thaws and flows for the first time in spring. The incredible feeling of mud in a plowed field as you run across it to share a hidden treefort. The uncompromising love and concern shown by a sister/brother when a parent went just a bit too far in doling out punishment. And the unmatched joy, when from far away, you find out you are an uncle/aunt again, as a brother/sister has helped another soul begin it's next journey. Even from far off, with head bowed in remembrance of that moment, sharing the joy is possible.

Many believe they know where the next trail leads, I believe they believe they know.
There is no greater power on earth than a deep soulfelt belief, and "God" willing, may some of our deep beliefs become reality.

My belief is only now, may someday, may never take the shape of the written word.
I have already, may not ever, find the peace that I search for.
If, when I do find it, what then? What does the trail, the search lead to then?


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